

No. 13

WINTER  
ISSUE

Ten Cents



# Leading COMICS

CAN *You*  
DISCOVER THE  
SECRET THAT  
LURKS BEHIND  
"THE TROPHIES  
of CRIME"  
?





## Editorial Advisory Board

### SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry  
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author "The Good Earth", "The Promise",  
etc., Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;  
President The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,  
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature  
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study  
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight  
Boxing Champion  
Member, Executive Board  
New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following magazines all bear this  
trademark as your guarantee of  
the best in comic reading

ACTION COMICS

ADVENTURE COMICS

ALL FUNNY COMICS

BATMAN

BOY COMMANDOS

BUZZY

DETECTIVE COMICS

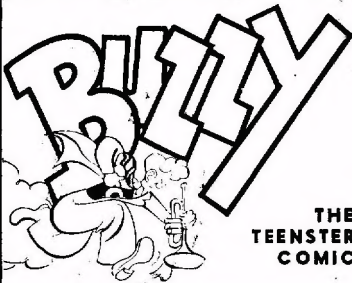
LEADING COMICS

MORE FUN COMICS

STAR SPANGLED COMICS

SUPERMAN

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



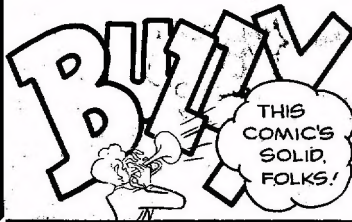
THE  
TEENSTER  
COMIC

## THE NEWEST MEMBER of the FAMILY



For rib-licking humor  
and swing-time action,  
get hep to the antics  
of America's newest  
favorite!

AT ALL  
NEWSSTANDS  
10¢



LEADING COMICS No. 12, Winter, 1943. Published quarterly by World's Best Comics Co., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription 50¢ including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 480 Lexington

Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted, 1944 by World's Best Comics Co. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

## CHAPTER 1

**T**RIFLES-- YET THE NATION'S NUMBER ONE CRIMINAL SPENDS BOUNDLESS TIME AND ENERGY TO TRACK THEM DOWN... WHILE THE DARING SOLDIERS OF VICTORY FIGHT TIRELESSLY TO SNATCH THEM FROM HIS GRASP! **WHY?** WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE LURE OF THOSE GIMCRACKS-- BLOCK OF STONE, RING OF IRON, DAGGER OF RUBBER, STRIP OF CANVAS...? WHO BUT THE LEGIONNAIRES CAN FIND THE ANSWER THAT LURKS BEHIND THE...

**"TROPHIES OF CRIME!"**

IN A FAMOUS MUSEUM OF ART, A GUIDE LECTURES TO AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE...

YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A VERY FAMOUS BED, GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT IN IT!

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS OVER THERE? THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE MUSEUM PIECES!

THESE OBJECTS WERE ONLY JUST RECEIVED, AND WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO LABEL THEM YET! THEY ARE A GIFT FROM THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY!

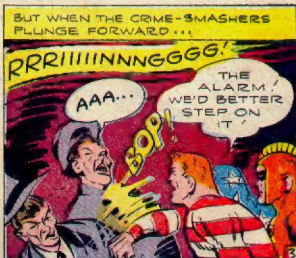
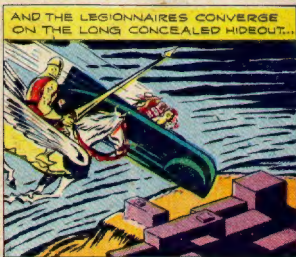
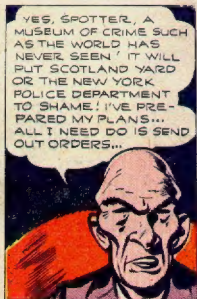
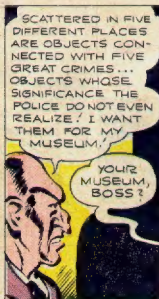
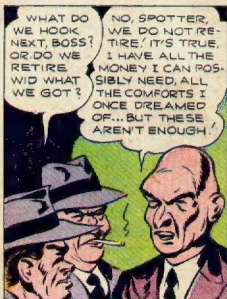
A BUILDING BLOCK, A RUBBER DAGGER, AN IRON RING, A CUP, AND A PIECE OF CANNAS...THE ASSORTMENT DOES LOOK SOMEWHAT OUT OF PLACE!

THE MUSEUM IS VERY PROUD TO HAVE THEM ON EXHIBIT...

I'D BE PROUD, TOO, TO EXHIBIT ANYTHING THE SEVEN SOLDIERS SENT ME, BUT WHAT DO THESE THINGS MEAN?

WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF THE BARRACUDA, FAMOUS MASTER-MIND OF CRIME...

THE BARRACUDA, CLEVER AND RUTHLESS CRIMINAL, WHO FANCIES HIMSELF NOT ONLY GREATER THAN THE LAW, BUT ALSO GREATER THAN ANY OTHER CRIMINAL WHO EVER EXISTED! IT IS IN HIS HEADQUARTERS THAT OUR STORY REALLY BEGINS





THOUGH STEEL GATES CLANG SHUT TO BAR THE WAY, THE SOLDIERS OF VICTORY DO NOT HESITATE!

STEEL IS NO BARRIER TO MY MAGIC SWORD! FORWARD, COMRADES!

WE'LL MAKE THIS SIDEWINDER TELL US WHERE THE HEAD RATTLER IS!

I'LL TALK THE BARRACUDA'S TAKIN' OFF FOR THE MAINLAND IN A MIDGET SUB!

HE WILL NOT ESCAPE US! MY STEED, VICTORY, CAN FLY HIGH ENOUGH SO THAT I MAY SPOT THE WATER-SERPENT!

AH, HERE HE IS! NOW I WILL TEST MY BLADE UPON HIS HIDE!

I HAVE WOUNDED HIM MORTALLY... NOW THE RATS WITHIN SEEK TO FLEE THEIR DOOM!

HELP... GLUG!

MOMENTS LATER...

HA, HA! THE BARRACUDA HAD AN IDEA YOU MIGHT SPOT THE SUB... SO HE HAD US FIRE HIM OUT OF A TORPEDO TUBE OFF TO ONE SIDE!

SO THAT'S WHY THE OTHER RAT WAS WILLIN' TO TALK!

BUT THE BARRACUDA'S BEST LIEUTENANTS ARE GONE, TOO! THEY COULDN'T ALL HAVE ESCAPED FROM A TORPEDO TUBE!

MAYBE THESE PAPERS WILL HELP TO EXPLAIN!

THEY'RE INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF CERTAIN OBJECTS THE BARRACUDA WANTED FOR A CRIME MUSEUM... HE MUST HAVE SENT HIS MEN TO GET THEM BEFORE WE LANDED!

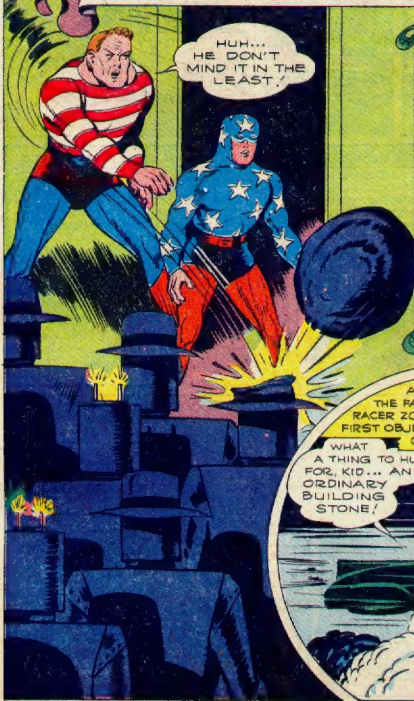
THERE'S OUR LEAD, PARTNERS! WE'LL HEAD FOR WHERE THEY HEAD!

RIGHT! I'LL READ OFF THE DIFFERENT OBJECTS, AND WE'LL DECIDE WHERE EACH OF US IS TO TAKE UP THE CHASE!

A BUILDING BLOCK, A RUBBER DAGGER, AN IRON RING, A CUP, AND A PIECE OF CANVAS... WHAT ADVENTURES DO THEY PORTEND FOR THE DARING LEGIONNAIRES?



## CHAPTER 2

Starring **THE STAR-SPANGLED KID**  
and **STRIPESEY**

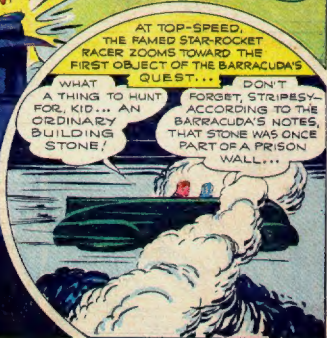
HUH...  
HE DON'T  
MIND IT IN THE  
LEAST!

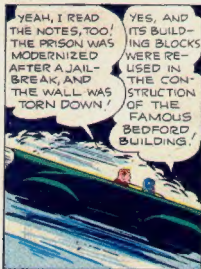
**S**IMILAR TO THE PROVERBIAL HUNT FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK IS THE SEARCH OF THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY FOR A BRICK IN A BUILDING! BUT BIG JOBS AND BIGGER RISKS NEVER HALTED THE ALL-AMERICAN DUO! AND HONOR AND JUSTICE DEMAND THAT THEY ALLOW NO ONE ELSE TO CORNER...  
**"CRIME'S CORNERSTONE!"**

AT TOP-SPEED, THE FAMED STAR-ROCKET RACER ZOOMS TOWARD THE FIRST OBJECT OF THE BARRACUDA'S QUEST...

WHAT A THING TO HUNT FOR, KID... AN ORDINARY BUILDING STONE!

DON'T FORGET, STRIPESY! ACCORDING TO THE BARRACUDA'S NOTES, THAT STONE WAS ONCE PART OF A PRISON WALL...





YES, AND ITS BUILD-  
ING BLOCKS  
WERE RE-  
USED IN THE CON-  
STRUCTION OF THE  
FAMOUS  
BEDFORD  
BUILDING!



AT THAT MOMENT...  
HEY, KID...  
LOOK! THERE'S  
ANOTHER PLANE  
COMING RIGHT  
AT US!

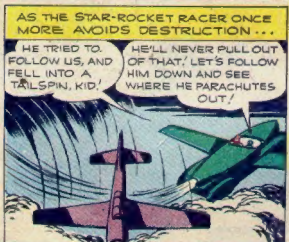


WHEW...  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!  
THE PILOT MUST BE  
CRAZY! HE WOULD  
HAVE WRECKED HIS  
OWN PLANE AS WELL  
AS OURS! KEEP AN  
EYE ON HIM,  
STRIPEY!



THE STRANGE PLANE CIRCLES, AND THEN,  
ONCE MORE...  
HE'S COMING  
AFTER US AGAIN,  
KID!

BUT THIS TIME HE  
WON'T CATCH US BY  
SURPRISE! WAIT  
TILL HE'S CLOSE,  
STRIPEY, THEN  
SIDESLIP!



AS THE STAR-ROCKET RACER ONCE  
MORE AVOIDS DESTRUCTION...

HE TRIED TO  
FOLLOW US, AND  
FELL INTO A  
TAILSPIN, KID!

HE'LL NEVER PULL OUT  
OF THAT! LET'S FOLLOW  
HIM DOWN AND SEE  
WHERE HE PARACHUTES  
OUT!



BUT NO PARACHUTE-WEARING BODY  
LEAVES THE FALLING SHIP, AND  
PRESENTLY...

GOSH...  
HE  
CRASHED  
WITH THE  
SHIP!

WE'D BETTER  
LAND! IF HE'S  
STILL ALIVE, WE  
MIGHT GET AN  
EXPLANATION  
OF HIS STRANGE  
CONDUCT!



BUT AFTER A QUICK INSPECTION OF THE FLAMING  
WRECKAGE, THE COMRADES IN COMBAT STARE  
AT EACH OTHER IN BEWILDERMENT!

KID, THERE'S NO  
PILOT HERE AT ALL,  
DEAD OR ALIVE!

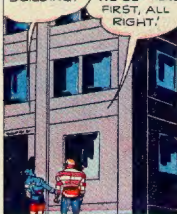
HMM... COULD THAT  
PLANE HAVE BEEN  
DIRECTED BY REMOTE  
CONTROL...? WELL,  
NO TIME TO GO  
INTO THAT NOW!



AND PRESENTLY...

HERE WE ARE, STRIPESY... THIS IS THE BEDFORD BUILDING!

AND SO FAR, THE STONES LOOK UNTOUCHED... LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE FIRST, ALL RIGHT!



NEXT MOMENT...

HUH...? WHO ARE THOSE GUYS?

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THEM... SOMETHING NOT QUITE HUMAN...



I'LL SAY THEY AIN'T HUMAN! PULLIN' STONES RIGHT OUTTA THE BUILDING... EVEN I AIN'T GOT THAT MUCH STRENGTH!

THEY MUST BE ROBOTS... THAT'S THE ANSWER! THE BARRACUDA MUST HAVE SENT THEM FOR THE STONE HE WANTED!



AND UNDOUBTEDLY THEY'RE RADIO-CONTROLLED! THAT'S ALSO THE EXPLANATION FOR THAT MYSTERY PLANE WE ENCOUNTERED...

LOOK, KID, WE'LL LET THE ROBOTS FIND THE STONE WE WANT... THEN TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM!



GOOD IDEA, STRIPESY... EXCEPT THAT IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT TO TAKE ANYTHING FROM THOSE METAL MONSTERS!

NO, IT AIN'T, KID! I KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT MACHINES, AND I GOT AN IDEA! WAIT FOR ME... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



SECONDS LATER...

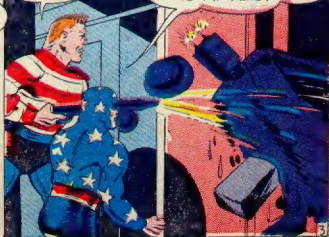
I GET IT... AN OIL-SPRAY GUN!

RIGHT, KID! I'M GONNA LUBRICATE THOSE MACHINES LIKE THEY NEVER BEEN LUBRICATED BEFORE!



YOU DROPPED SOMETHIN', CHUM!

IT'S THE CORNERSTONE! I'LL BET THAT'S THE ONE THE BARRACUDA IS AFTER!



BUT IN A DISTANT RETREAT THE BARRACUDA SITS WATCHING!

SO THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY ARE TRYING TO INTERFERE, ARE THEY? I'LL TEACH THEM BETTER!



AND AN INSTANT LATER, AT THE BELFORD BUILDING...

WHA..? THEY'RE BURNIN' UP THE OIL!

AND THEY'RE TRYING TO BURN YOU, TOO! TIME TO RETREAT, STRIPESY!



HUH..? WHY RUN IN THERE, KID?

I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO HANDLE THOSE FLAMING YOUTHS!



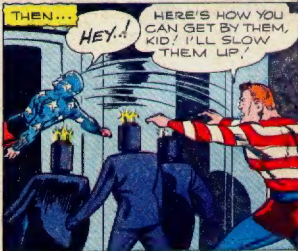
THIS DRY ICE IS WHAT I WANTED! IT'S SOLID CARBON DIOXIDE, AND VAPORIZES TO GIVE CARBON DIOXIDE GAS, WHICH PUTS OUT FIRES!



THEN...

HEY..!

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN GET BY THEM, KID! I'LL SLOW THEM UP!



AND NOW, STRIPESY, ALONE, COURAGEOUSLY TACKLES THE METAL MEN!

I CAN'T HOIT THESE BABIES... BUT I CAN STOP THEM FROM FOLLOWING THE KID!

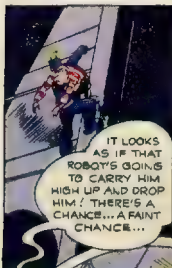


BUT NOT EVEN STRIPESY'S MIGHTY MUSCLES CAN EFFECTIVELY RESIST THE MONSTERS!

THEY GOT HIM! BUT NO MATTER WHAT STRIPESY SAYS, I CAN'T SAVE MYSELF AND LET HIM BE KILLED! I MUST DO SOMETHING!







IT LOOKS AS IF THAT ROBOT'S GOING TO CARRY HIM HIGH UP AND DROP HIM! THERE'S A CHANCE... A FAINT CHANCE...

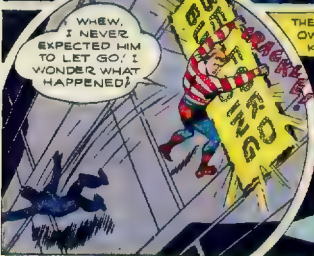
FAR AWAY, A WATCHING CRIMINAL CHUCKLES WITH GRIM PLEASURE...

I THINK THAT'S HIGH ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF STRIPESY! NOW I'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL TO DROP HIM...



AS THE FATAL SIGNAL WINGS ITS WAY THROUGH THE ETHER...

WHA...? THE ROBOT DOESN'T OBEY...



WHEW, I NEVER EXPECTED HIM TO LET GO! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED!

THE EXPLANATION IS SIMPLE! STRIPESY OWES HIS LIFE TO THE STAR-SPANGLED K.I.D.

ELECTRICITY ALWAYS LEAKS AWAY FROM A SIGN LIKE THAT, AND CREATES STATIC THAT INTERFERES WITH RADIO SIGNALS... BY LIGHTING THE SIGN I CUT OFF THE ROBOT FROM THE BARRACUDA, LEFT HIM PARALYZED!



PRESENTLY, AS THE COMRADES IN COMBAT COME TOGETHER AGAIN...

KID, I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER THAT TIME... BUT YOU SAVED ME! AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'M GONNA MAKE A BIG STATIC MACHINE THAT'LL PARALYZE ALL THEM ROBOTS FROM A DISTANCE!



WORKING IN FRANTIC HASTE WITH MATERIAL ASSEMBLED FROM AN ELECTRICAL SHOP, STRIPESY CONSTRUCTS A STATIC DEVICE! AND AS A STRONG CURRENT CRACKLES THROUGH THE COILS...

THIS'LL DO IT, KID! IT'LL MOW 'EM DOWN!



AND MOW 'EM DOWN, IT DOES!



QUICKLY ARRIVING ON THE SCENE ...

THERE THEY ARE, KID... FINISHED FOR GOOD!

NOW TO GET THAT STOLEN CORNER-STONE



HERE IT IS! WE'LL SEE WHAT MAKES IT SO UNUSUAL! IT FEELS A LITTLE LIGHT FOR ITS SIZE... I WONDER...



IT'S HOLLOW!

YES, THAT'S THE ANSWER! FROM OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALL, A CROOK COULD PUT OBJECTS LIKE SMALL SAWS OR REVOLVERS INSIDE... AND THE CONVICTS COULD REMOVE THE SAME OBJECTS WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED!



IT WAS A NEAT WAY OF SMUGGLING THINGS IN, AND PROBABLY PLAYED A PART IN THAT FAMOUS BREAK THAT CAUSED THE PRISON TO BE MODERNIZED!

NO WONDER THE BARRACUDA WANTED IT FOR HIS CRIME MUSEUM!



WELL, WE'LL SEND HIM A SUBSTITUTE! WE'LL PUT AN ORDINARY BUILDING STONE IN THAT ROBOT'S CHEST. SO EVERYTHING WILL SEEM THE SAME AS BEFORE! THEN WE'LL CUT OFF THE STATIC MACHINE...

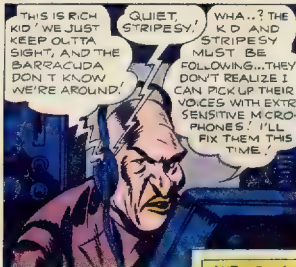
I GET IT, KID! THE ROBOTS WILL HEAD FOR THE BARRACUDA'S NEW HIDEOUT, AND LEAD US THERE! SWELL IDEA!

MEANWHILE...

AH, THIS CURSED STATIC IS CLEARING AT LAST! IN THE FUTURE, I'LL HAVE TO OPERATE THESE ROBOTS BY FREQUENCY MODULATION!







QUIET, STRIPESY!

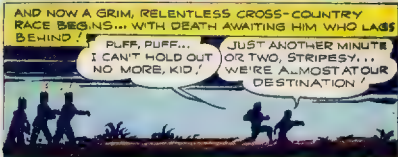
WHA...? THE K D AND STRIPESY MUST BE FOLLOWING...THEY DON'T REALIZE I CAN PICK UP THEIR VOICES WITH EXTRA-SENSITIVE MICRO-PHONES! I'LL FIX THEM THIS TIME!



SURE, K D...



NO TIME FOR APOLOGIES! GET MOVING, STRIPESY... FAST!

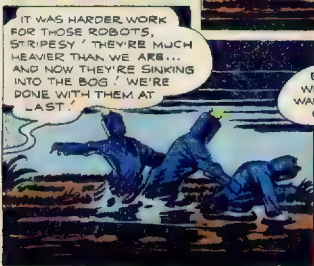


JUST ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO, STRIPESY... WE'RE ALMOST AT OUR DESTINATION!

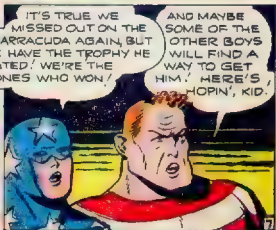


A HUNDRED TORTURED STEPS LATER...

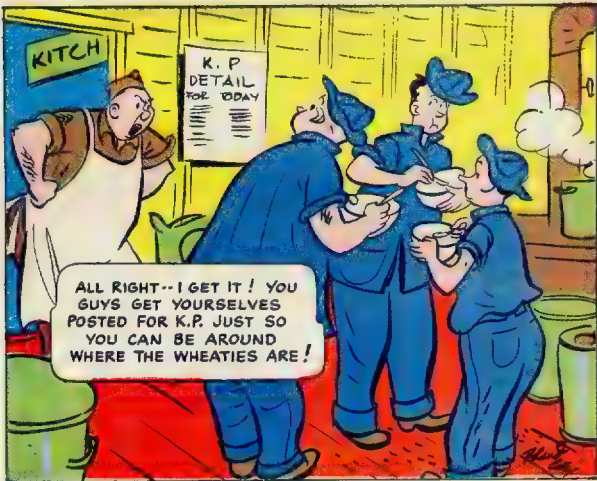
THANKS... PUFF... KID! BUT WHY BRING US... PUFF. HERE? IT WAS HARD... PUFF... WORK... RUNNIN' THROUGH THIS MUD!



IT WAS HARDER WORK FOR THOSE ROBOTS, STRIPESY! THEY'RE MUCH HEAVIER THAN WE ARE... AND NOW THEY'RE SINKING INTO THE BOG! WE'RE DONE WITH THEM AT LAST!



AND MAYBE SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS WILL FIND A WAY TO GET HIM! HERE'S HOPIN', KID.



**M**ORNING CHOW BECOMES MIGHTY IMPORTANT EATING WHEN IT INCLUDES A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. THE SAME NOURISHING DISH THAT'S A TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE WITH MANY LEADING COACHES AND CHAMPION ATHLETES.

GOOD WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES IN WHEATIES, AND DELICIOUSLY GOOD FLAVOR. A ZESTY BLEND OF NUTTY, TOASTED TASTE AND MELLOW, MALT SWEET SYRUP THAT SETS YOUR APPETITE FOR SECOND HELPINGS.

GET YOURSELF POSTED FOR SOLID NOURISHMENT AND SNAPPY FLAVOR AND SWELL FUN. PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HAVE YOUR  
WHEATIES  
EVERY DAY.



**"BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

A Product of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

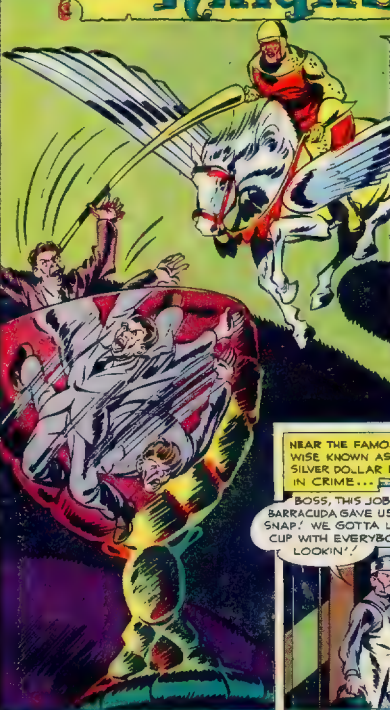
Wheaties, Breakfast of Champions are the served trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



## CHAPTER 3

STARRING

## The Shining Knight



WALLS HAVE EARS—  
BUT SUPPOSE THEY  
HAVE EYES, TOO!  
WHAT ARE CROOKS  
GOING TO DO IN  
BROAD DAYLIGHT  
WHEN THE PRIZE  
THEY SEEK IS ON  
PUBLIC EXHIBIT IN A  
HOUSE OF GLASS?  
ONLY THE BARRACUDA  
COULD PLOT TO  
PURLOIN THE POISON-  
CHALICE IN SPITE OF  
ALL TRANSPARENCY—  
AND ONLY THE  
SHINING KNIGHT  
COULD SEE THROUGH  
THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S  
GAG TO GET AWAY WITH...

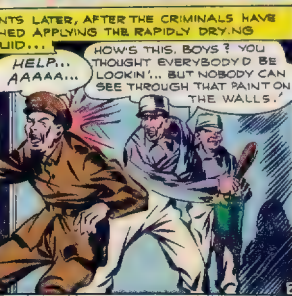
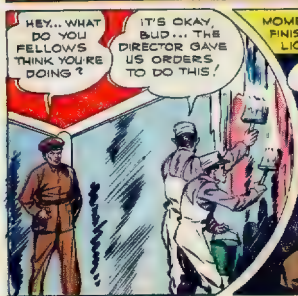
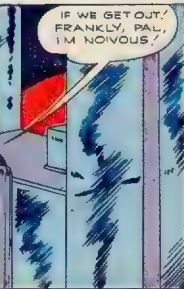
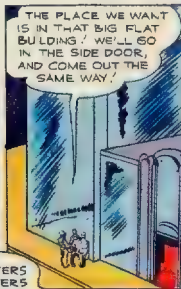
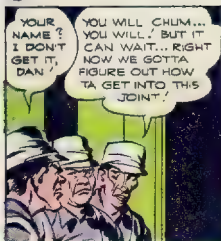
**"THE CUP  
OF THE  
BORGIAS!"**

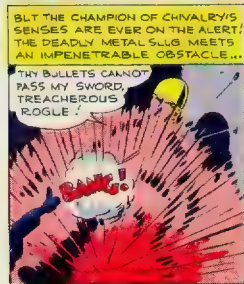
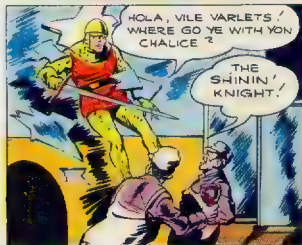
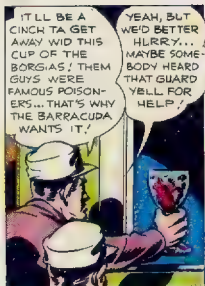
NEAR THE FAMOUS TRANSPARENT-TOWN, OTHER-  
WISE KNOWN AS THE TOWN OF TOMORROW,  
SILVER DOLLAR DAN LEADS HIS COMPANIONS  
IN CRIME...

BOSS, THIS JOB THE  
BARRACUDA GAVE US IS NO  
SNAP! WE GOTTA LIFT A  
CUP WITH EVERYBODY  
LOOKIN'!

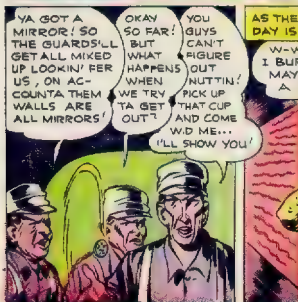
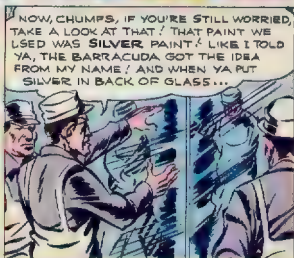
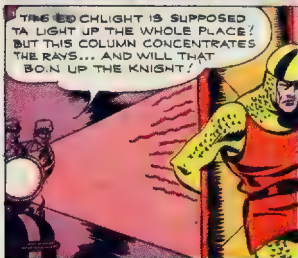
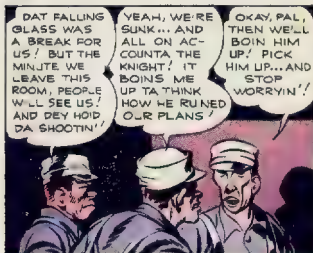
DON'T WORRY, GUMBO...  
ME AN' HIM GOT EVERY-  
THING FIGURED OUT!  
IN FACT, MY NAME  
GAVE HIM THE IDEA!











AS THE MAN OF YESTER-DAY IS LEFT ALONE...

W-WHERE AM I? I BURN SO FIERCELY... MAYHAP THIS IS A FURNACE!



BUT AS FULL CONSCIOUS-NESS ONCE MORE RE-TURNS, AND HE GRASPS THE SITUATION...

UGH... THESE ROPES ARE TIED TOO WELL TO LOOSEN! HAD I BUT A MOMENT'S RESPIRE FROM THE FIERCENESS OF THE HEAT... HMM, MAYHAP THIS TABLE WILL HELP!



A FOOT HOOKS ABOUT THE TABLE LEG, AND NEXT MOMENT...

AH - THE NK BLACKENS THE P L L A R, AND THE L I G H T C A N N O L O N G E R P E N E T R A T E !



EXCEPT NEAR THE EDGE... AND HERE, EVEN MORE CONCENTRATED, 'T WILL SERVE TO BURN THESE BONDS



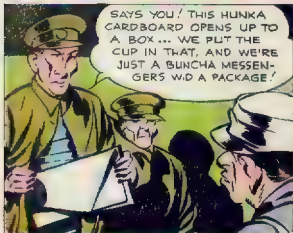
MEANWHILE, AS THE SHINING KNIGHT REGAINS HIS FREEDOM...

YA SAPS, YOU FORGOT ALL ABOUT THESE MESSENGER COSTUMES I MADE YA WEAR! MAYBE BY NOW THE GUARDS WILL BE LOOKIN' FOR PAINTERS THAT PEOPLE SAW IN THE HALLS... BUT WE AIN'T GONNA BE PAINTERS NO MORE!

BUT HOW ABOUT THE CUP? WE CAN'T DISGUISE THAT!



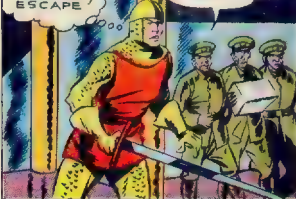
SAYS YOU! THIS HUNKA CARDBOARD OPENS UP TO A BOX... WE PUT THE CUP IN THAT, AND WE'RE JUST A BUNCHA MESSENGERS WID A PACKAGE!



BUT AS THE THREE LEISURELY LARCENISTS STROLL TOWARD THE EXIT...

I MAY YET CUT OFF THE ROGUES' ESCAPE!

WHA...? LOOK, DAN... HE GOT AWAY!



WHAT DO WE DO NOW? HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US FROM THE BACK... BUT HE'LL KNOW OUR FACES!

MAYBE WE OUGHTTA HEAD FER ANOTHER EXIT!

NO, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THAT IS, AND I DON'T WANNA WASTE TIME LOOKIN'! MAYBE WE KIN SNEAK PASTHIM ANYWAY!



AS THE WORRIED CRIMINALS HESITATE IN INDECISION, THE SHINING KNIGHT ALSO FINDS HIMSELF IN A DILEMMA!

I HAD HOPED TO WARN THE GLARDS AT EVERY AVENUE OF ESCAPE... BUT THERE ARE NONE HERE! AND IF I MYSELF REMAIN, THE VARLETS MAY FLEE BY ANOTHER EXIT! WHAT TO DO?



“AH, I HAVE T!  
I MUST NOT STAY..  
BUT YET CAN I  
CONCEAL THIS  
PATH SO THAT  
THE VILLAINS  
NEVER FIND IT”



“THUS, A MOMENT LATER, AS  
THE CRIMINALS TIMIDLY  
APPROACH...”

“HE’S GOIN’  
AWAY AGA N’  
NOW WE  
CAN SCRAM!”

“QUICK  
GET TO THAT  
EXIT BEFORE  
HE CHANGES  
HIS MIND AND  
COMES BACK”



“THE BANDITS WASTEN FORWARD...  
ONLY TO PAUSE IN BEWILDERMENT!”

“HEY, THIS AINT  
THE WAY OUT.  
WE MADE A  
MISTAKE... WE  
MUST BE NEAR  
THE MIDDLE OF  
THE BUILDING”

“WE BETTER  
HEAD BACK,  
FAST, DAN”



“BUT MOMENTS LATER...”

“WE’RE LOST..  
WE CAN’T GET  
OUT!”

“WE GOTTA  
GET OUT  
KEEP ON LOOK’N”



“WHILE AT EACH OF THE OTHER EXITS...”

“T’S A WORTHY JEST ON  
THE VILE ROGUES! I CONCEAL  
EACH EXIT WITH A  
MIRROR, CONFUSING THEM  
AS THEY SOUGHT TO CONFUSE  
OTHERS! NOW I WILL  
CALL THE GUARDS WITH  
OUT FEAR OF THEIR  
ESCAPING”



“AND AS THE BAFLED CRIMINALS CONTINUE  
THEIR WANDERINGS...”

“YOU WILL SEARCH  
AS I HAVE DRECTED  
GUARDS THEY  
CANNOT BE FAR  
AWAY NOW!”

“WHAT? HE’S  
RIGHT AROUND A  
CORNER! LOST  
OR NOT LOST, THERE’S  
ONE WAY WE CAN  
STILL GET OUT!”

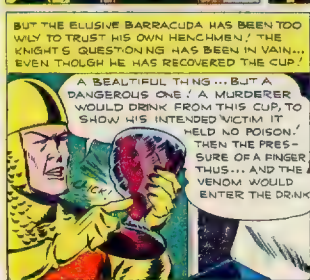


“THESE WALLS ARE GLASS..  
LL BREAK THROUGH EVERY  
ONE IN THE PLACE BEFORE  
I LET MYSELF GET  
CAUGHT!”



CRASH!





# SPORT SHORT

WITH THE FIRST GAME OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON APPROACHING, BILL JENKINS, THE HOMETOWN STAR, GOT HIS FEET WET AND CAUGHT A HEAVY COLD. WITHOUT HIM, THE HOMETOWN TEAM IS OVERWHELMED...

I'M FEEL'G TERRIBLE... FIRST, THIS CO'D AND NOW WE'RE LOSING THE GAME!

SNIFE  
SNIFE

IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN YOUR FEET WET LAST WEEK, BILL, YOU'D BE IN THERE RUNNING UP A SCORE FOR US!

And later...

ARE YOU GOING TO GO TO THE SCHOOL DANCE TONIGHT, BILL?

NO, I'B ID TEDDIBLE SHAPE, AND MARY WON'T EVEN SPEAK TO ME

ROUSSOS.



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

NOW THAT YOU'RE OVER THAT DARNED COLD, BILL, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE SURE YOU WON'T GET WET FEET AGAIN... BUY A PAIR OF THOM MCAN'S SHOES WITH WATER-PROOF MEFLEX GOLES!

I'M GOING TO, THOM AND RIGHT NOW!



NOT LONG AFTERWARDS BILL AND THOM ARE OFF ON A HIKE ...

GEE, THOM, THESE THOM MEAN'S FEEL SWELL!

STOP ADMIRING YOUR SHOES, BILL, AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE SKY OVER THERE LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE STORM BEFORE WE GET HOME!



SURE ENOUGH, A STORM WAS BREWING! ON THE WAY HOME THOM AND BILL HAD TO RUN THROUGH HEAVY RAIN AT LAST, THEY REACHED THEIR FRONT PORCH...

BILL, YOUR FEET MUST BE SOAKED!

NO MOTHER. THESE MEL-FLEX SOLES ARE WATER-PROOF!



THE NEXT SATURDAY IS THE DATE OF THE BIG GAME HAVING AVOIDED A COLD BILL IS RIGHT IN THERE PLAYING THE FULL GAME...AND CARRYING HIS TEAM TO VICTORY!!



Later... BILL AND MARY ARE THE HIT OF THE DANCE.

SIZES 1-5X  
\$299

FELLOWS! AVOID WET FEET AND COLDS WITH WATERPROOF INSULATED MEL-FLEX SOLES!

WHEN UNCLE SAM NEEDED ALL OF THE BEST SOLE LEATHER FOR HIS FIGHTING MEN SCIENCE DEVELOPED THE MEL-FLEX SOLE, SO TOUGH THAT IT OUTWEARS EVEN THE FINEST LEATHER! IT KEEPS OUT MOISTURE, HEAT AND COLD, TOO. THE MEL-FLEX SOLE ON THOM MEAN SHOES IS FLEXIBLE AND SHOCK-ABSORBENT, REALLY PUTS PED IN YOUR STEP! SEE THE WIDE VARIETY OF THOM MEAN SHOES AT ONE OF THE 600 THOM MEAN STORES WITH THE FAMILIAR WHITE FRONT!

M31

SIZES 6-11  
\$420

Thom McAn






## CHAPTER 4

STARRING

# THE VIGILANTE



AN UNUSUALLY  
BAFFLING MURDER  
CONFRONTS THE  
VIGILANTE - ALL  
THE MORE BAFF-  
LING BECAUSE ITS  
WEEKS OLD AND  
ALL THE CLUES  
ARE COLD! BUT AS  
THE PUNCHING  
PLAINSMAN TAKES  
THE TRAIL, HE GETS  
WARMER AND  
WARMER (IN MORE  
WAYS THAN ONE)...  
AND REALLY KILLS  
TWO BIRDS WITH  
ONE STONE IN  
THE CASE OF HIS  
HEATED QUEST FOR...

**"THE  
RUBBER  
DAGGER!"**

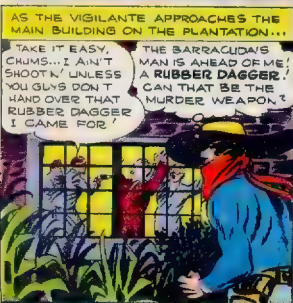
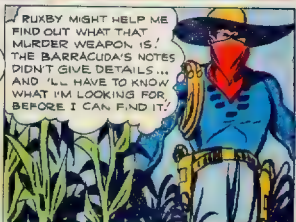
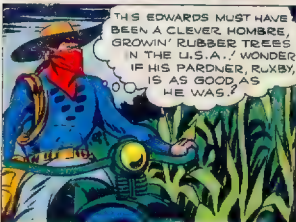
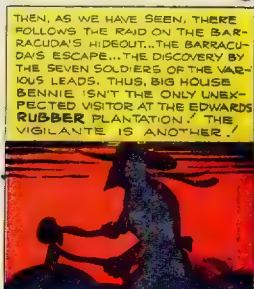
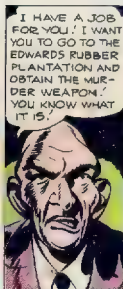
LET'S GO BACK A FEW WEEKS BEFORE  
THE LEGIONNAIRES' RAID ON THE BAR-  
RACUDA'S ISLAND HIDEOUT. HERE'S  
WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS ARE SAYING...

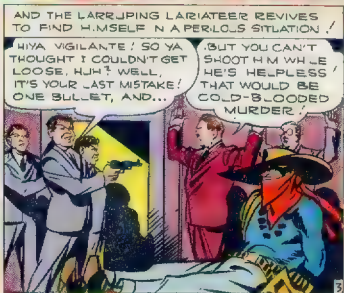
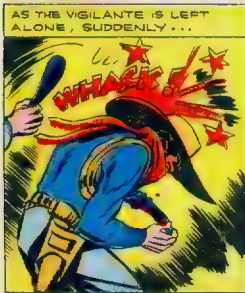
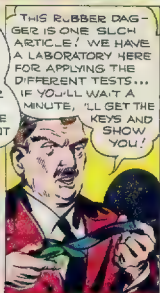
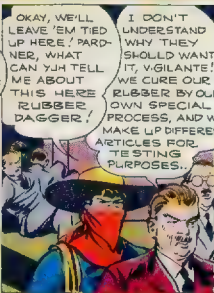
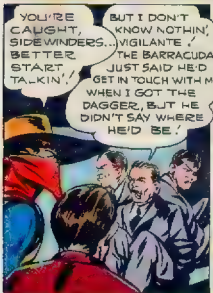
HERALD  
RUBBER BARON  
J. EDWARDS  
MYSTERIOUSLY  
KILLED ON  
PLANTATION!

THE GLOBE  
\$100,000  
MISSING  
FROM  
SAFE!

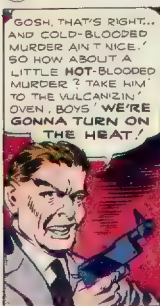
Daily Telegraph  
POLICE PUZZLED BY ABSENCE  
OF MURDER WEAPON!

THE WEEKS  
PASS - THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
MURDER  
REMAINS  
UNSOLVED!  
THEN, INTO  
THE UNDER-  
WORLD  
HANGOUT  
OF BIG  
HOUSE  
BENNIE,  
STALKS...









GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT... AND COLD-BLOODED MURDER AIN'T NICE. SO HOW ABOUT A LITTLE HOT-BLOODED MURDER? TAKE HIM TO THE VULCANIZIN' OVEN, BOYS WE'RE GONNA TURN ON THE HEAT!

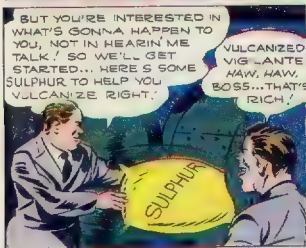


HERE Y'ARE, PAL! THIS IS WHERE THEY VULCANIZE THE STUFF!

YOU SURE KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND THIS PLACE, DON'T YOU, RATTLER?

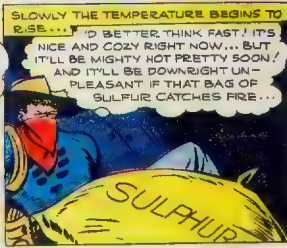


I DO, SAP... AND SEEMIN' AS HOW YOU'RE GONNA KICK THE BUCKET, I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YA WHY! I WAS AROUND LAST MONTH WHEN EDWARDS GOT KILLED! I GOT FIFTY GRAND FROM THE SAFE. I'DA RETIRED IF THE BARRACUDA HADN'T MADE ME COME AFTER THE DAGGER...



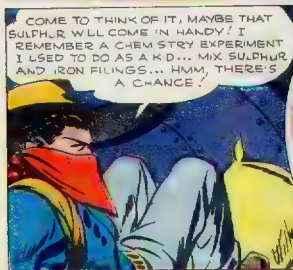
BUT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO YOU, NOT IN HEARIN' ME TALK! SO WE'LL GET STARTED... HERE'S SOME SULPHUR TO HELP YOU VULCANIZE RIGHT.

VULCANIZED VIG-LANTE! HAW, HAW, BOSS... THAT'S RICH!

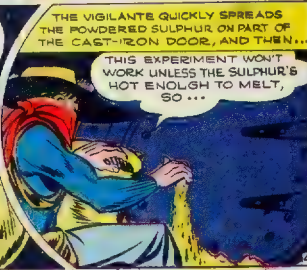


SLOWLY THE TEMPERATURE BEGINS TO RISE...

I'D BETTER THINK FAST! IT'S NICE AND COZY RIGHT NOW... BUT IT'LL BE MIGHTY HOT PRETTY SOON! AND IT'LL BE DOWNRIGHT UNPLEASANT IF THAT BAG OF SULFUR CATCHES FIRE...



COME TO THINK OF IT, MAYBE THAT SULPHUR WILL COME IN HANDY! I REMEMBER A CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENT I USED TO DO AS A KID... MIX SULPHUR AND IRON FILINGS... HMM, THERE'S A CHANCE!



THE VIGILANTE QUICKLY SPREADS THE POWDERED SULPHUR ON PART OF THE CAST-IRON DOOR, AND THEN...

THIS EXPERIMENT WON'T WORK UNLESS THE SULPHUR'S HOT ENOUGH TO MELT, SO...

AN EERIE BLUE FLAME  
PLAYS OVER THE INNER SUR-  
FACE OF THE DOOR AS THE  
MOLTEN ELEMENT EATS  
INTO THE IRON...

AS I EXPECTED...THE IRON  
AND SULPHUR FORM IRON  
SULPHIDE! BUT THE SULPHUR'S  
ALSO BURNIN' TO SULPHUR  
DIOXIDE...

AS THE STARTLED THUGS  
OUTSIDE WATCH...

HEY,  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENIN'?  
THE DOOR...  
COUGH,  
COUGH...  
IS BURNIN'  
UP!

AND THAT  
SMOKE IS  
CHOKIN' US!  
IT MUST BE  
POISONOUS!

WE  
BETTER  
GET  
OUT OF  
HERE,  
QUICK!

AND SO, SECONDS LATER...

THIS SULPHUR DIOXIDE  
SCARED AWAY THEM  
COYOTES! LUCKY THEY  
DON'T KNOW TAIN'T A BAD  
POISON... BUT IT'S SURE NO  
PLEASURE TO BREATHE...  
COUGH... EVEN THROUGH  
THIS HANDKERCHIEF! I'D  
BETTER FIND FRESH AIR!

THIS PLACE OUGHT TO BE  
WHAT I NEED, AFTER  
THAT OVEN.

REFRIGERATION  
LABORATORY

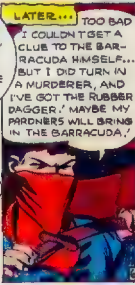
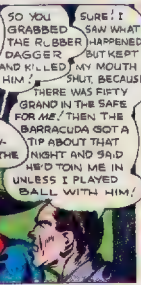
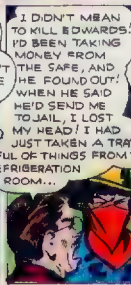
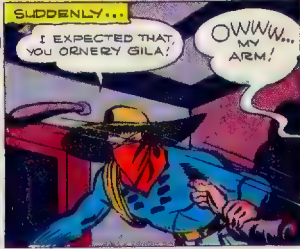
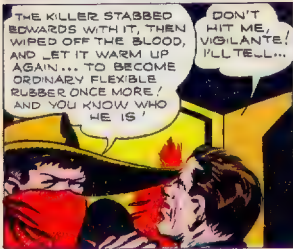
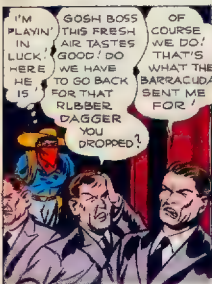
BUT AFTER SEVERAL SECONDS IN HIS  
PLACE OF REFUGE...

BRRR... THIS IS  
COLDER 'N MONTANA  
IN A BLIZZARD...  
WHAT ARE THESE  
THINGS?

RUBBER BANDS,  
AN ERASER... CH-CILLED  
AS S-STIFF AS IRON!  
BUT I'D BETTER GET  
OUT OF HERE BEFORE  
M-MY T-TEETH FALL  
OUT!

NORMAL TEMPERATURE AT LAST! AND AS  
THE VIGILANTE SIGHS IN RELIEF...

HUH...? AS THIS WARMS  
UP, IT BECOMES LIKE  
ORDINARY RUBBER  
AGAIN! KWOODLIN'  
COYOTES, I'M BEGINNIN'  
TO UNDERSTAND TH NGS!  
NOW IF I CAN  
ONLY FIND BIG  
HOUSE BENNE...





Chapter  
5

STARRING

THE CRIMSON AVENGER and WING

HIGH-HO FOR THE LIFE OF A SALOR! LOOK BELOW AND YOU'LL FIND THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING AFLOAT ON THE BOUNDING MAIN WITH A GOOD SHIP UNDERFOOT A SPANKING BREEZE ASTERN... AND A CARGO OF CRIME BETWEEN DECKS! LANDLUBBER THOUGH HE USUALLY IS THE CRIMSON NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD CAN TELL WHEN A JESSELS OFF HER COURSE... AND HE KNOWS THERE ARE PLENTY OF SQUALLS AHEAD AS VILLAINS UNFURL..

"THE SAILS OF THE SALLY C.!"

IT'S CLEAR BY NOW THAT THE SOLDERS OF VICTORY ARE LOOKING FOR THE SAME OBJECTS I WANT! BUT THIS TIME I'M GOING TO FOOL THEM!

MY NOTES ON THE SALLY C. WERE INCOMPLETE... SO THEY'RE PROBABLY WAITING ABCARDHER IN SOME DISGUISE, FIGURING I'LL SHOW MY HAND...





WELL, I WON'T DISAPPOINT THEM! I'VE MADE PLANS TO SHOW IT... IN SUCH A WAY AS TO TELL THEM NOTHING, AND LEAD TO THEIR CAPTURE AT THE SAME TIME!

THE SALLY C, ONE OF THE LAST OF THE WIND-JAMMERS... NIGH A HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND STILL AT WORK...

AND AMONG HER CREW, TWO FAMILIAR FACES...

LIFE OF SAILOR MAKE ME DIZZY, MIST' CLIMSON

NOT SO LOUD WING... SOME-BODY MIGHT OVER-HEAR! WE'VE GOT TO STAY UNDER COVER UNTIL THE BARRACUDA SHOWS HIS HAND!

THE BARRACUDA'S NOTES TOLD US HE WANTED PART OF THIS SHIP... BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHICH PART AND WE DON'T KNOW WHY—THOUGH IT'S PROBABLY CONNECTED WITH THE FAMOUS ESCAPE OF A CROOK CALLED HURRICANE SMITH...

WING REMEMBER! IN MIDDLE OF OCEAN POLICE LOOK ON THIS SHIP FOR SMITH, CAN'T FIND HIM, THINK HE JUMP OVERBOARD! TWO WEEKS LATER, SHIP LAND... AND SMITH RUN DOWN GANGPLANK!

AND NO ONE EVER DISCOVERED WHERE HE H'D. BUT MAYBE, WITH THE BARRACUDA'S HELP, WE WILL!

THAT VERY EVENING...

THE BARRACUDA WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A SPOKE OF THAT WHEEL, CHUM... IF YOU DON'T MIND!

THE BARRACUDA STRIKE AT LAST, MIST' CLIMSON!

YES! INTO ACTION, WING!



YOU  
SPOKE  
TOO  
SOON  
RAT!

ONLY ONE  
CROOK? WING  
GOT  
NOTHING  
TO DO!

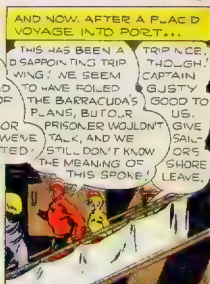
Yuhh...



THE SOUND OF THE  
STRUGGLE ROUSES  
THE SHIP...

THE  
CRIMSON  
AVENGER  
AND  
WING!

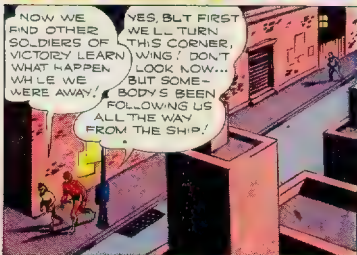
YES, CAPTAIN  
JUSTY WE  
WERE DISGUISED  
AS MEMBERS OF  
THE BARRACUDA'S  
PLANS, BUT  
THERE'S NO NEED FOR  
THAT ANY LONGER. WE'VE  
GOT WHAT WE WANTED.



AND NOW, AFTER A PLACID  
VOYAGE INTO PORT...

THIS HAS BEEN A  
DISAPPOINTING TRIP  
WING! WE SEEM  
TO HAVE FOILED  
THE BARRACUDA'S  
PLANS, BUT OUR  
PRISONER WOULDN'T  
TALK, AND WE  
STILL DON'T KNOW  
THE MEANING OF  
THIS SPOKE!

TRIP NICE,  
THOUGH!  
CAPTAIN  
JUSTY  
GOOD TO  
US.  
GIVE  
SAIL-  
ORS  
SHORE  
LEAVE.



NOW WE  
FIND OTHER  
SOLDIERS OF  
VICTORY LEARN  
WHAT HAPPEN  
WHILE WE  
WERE AWAY!

YES, BUT FIRST  
WE'LL TURN  
THIS CORNER,  
WING! DON'T  
LOOK NOW...  
BUT SOME-  
BODIES BEEN  
FOLLOWING US  
ALL THE WAY  
FROM THE SHIP!



SECONDS LATER, AS A FURTIVE  
FIGURE REACHES THE CORNER...

IF YOU'RE  
GOING OUR  
WAY, CHUM,  
WHY STAY SO  
FAR BEHIND?

EEHHH...  
DON'T HIT  
ME, AVENGER!



I WON'T... IF  
YOU TELL ME  
WHY YOU'RE  
FOLLOWING  
US!

I CAN'T, AVENGER!  
THE BARRACUDA  
WOULD KILL ME IF  
I SAID A WORD!

THE  
BARRACUDA,  
EH? SO HE  
KNEW WE'D  
BE COMING  
OFF THAT  
SHIP!

MAYBE  
SOMEONE USE  
WIRELESS,  
MISTER CLIMSON!  
MAYBE BETTER  
WE RETURN TO  
SHIP FOR INVESTIGATION...

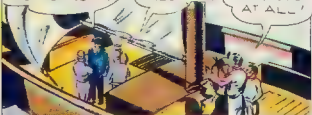


## AT THE SALLY C., ONCE MORE...

"FOOLING THE  
AVENGER WAS  
LIKE TAKING  
CANDY FROM  
A BABY. I WONT  
THE BARRACUDA  
LAUGH WHEN  
HE HEARS T."

"HE LAUGH  
EVEN MORE,  
CAPTAIN. WHEN  
THE AVENGER  
LEADS US TO  
HIS PALS AND  
WE GET THEM  
ALL."

"SO THAT  
WAS THE  
BARRACUDA'S  
PLAN. AND HE  
REALLY  
DIDN'T WANT  
THAT SPOKE  
AT ALL."



"YOU THINK  
WE'RE INFANTS.  
BUT... HERE'S  
A RATTLE  
FOR YOUR  
HEAD!"

"WE LIKE  
BATTLES,  
NOT  
BOTTLES!"

"OWWWW!"



## UNEXPECTEDLY...

"EASY, ME  
HEARTIES EASY  
THERE. DON'T  
EXERT YOUR  
SELVES TOO  
MUCH."

"HEY!"



## MOMENTS LATER...

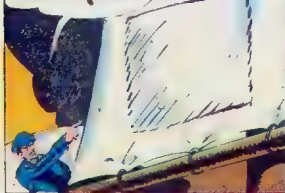
"AH LADS NOW WE  
CAN TALK AT LEISURE!  
YOU'RE SURPRISED TO SEE  
THESE MEN ABOARD, AFTER  
I SENT THE CREW ASHORE...  
BUT THOSE WERE THE REAL  
SAULORS WHO WENT!  
THESE LADS SERVE THE  
BARRACUDA."



"AS FOR HOW I BECAME  
A SEA CAPTAIN, THAT  
WAS EASY. I STOLE  
THE PAPERS AND SAILING  
ORDERS FROM  
THE REAL CAPTAIN  
GUSTY AS HE WAS  
ABOUT TO TAKE  
OVER A NEW SHIP.  
I HOPE I DON'T HURT  
HIM TOO BADLY!"



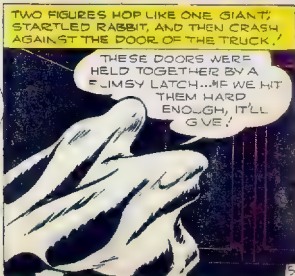
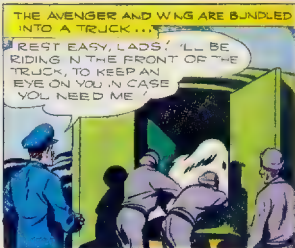
"PART OF THIS SAIL IS WHAT THE  
BARRACUDA WANTED... THE TIE  
OF THAT SPOKE WAS ONLY TO MAKE  
YOU REVEAL YOURSELVES, LADS.  
YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE  
A BIG POCKET..."

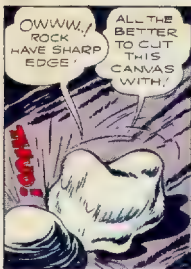


"THAT'S WHERE  
HURR CANE SMITH  
MUST HAVE HIDDEN  
WHILE THE POLICE  
SEARCHED THE  
SHIP FOR HIM."

"RIGHT AVENGER!  
THE SAILS WERE  
ALREADY OLD AND  
PATCHED AND  
ONE PATCH MORE  
DIDN'T ATTRACT  
ATTENTION! A  
BULLY HIDE-  
PLACE. IT WAS







OWWW! ROCK HAVE SHARP EDGE!

ALL THE BETTER TO CUT THIS CANVAS WITH!



SECONDS LATER...

NOW WE CATCH CAPTAIN GUSTY!

NO HE'D SPEED AWAY. THE M NUTE HE SAW US COMING! LET'S WAIT HERE FOR HIM... HE'LL COME AFTER US THE M NUTE HE REALIZES WE'RE NO LONGER WITH H.M.



AND SURE ENOUGH...

AH, THERE THEY ARE! I THOUGHT THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET FAR!



WE OWE THEM SOMETHIN'; THE DOITY RATS, FER MAKIN' TROUBLE FER US... YEEEOWWW, MY TOE! DA AVENGER'S STOMACH MUST BE CAST IRON!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

NOT CAST IRON, CHUM...JUST ORDINARY ROCKS. WE PUT THEM IN OUR PLACES.

AND NOW YOU HOLDING BAG!

AFTER ROCK-HARD FISTS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK...



YOU WIN, AVENGER, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEARN FROM ME WHERE THE BARRACUDA S. IT WOULD MEAN MY DEATH.

NO WING, WE PREFER TO BRING CAPTAIN GUSTY HOME ALIVE! LET'S GIVE HIM A HAND!

THAT NOT GREAT TRAGEDY



WE'LL HAVE HIS OWN THUGS CARRY HIM TO THE POLICE STATION!

WE NOT CATCH BARRACUDA... BUT WE BRING BACK THIS DANGEROUS ANIMAL ALIVE! AND WE GET PIECE OF SAIL-CLOTH, TOO!



# HERE THEY COME!

## — THE MAGIC TRAINS of the LIONEL Line!

ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF REAL RAIL-ROADING! THE NEW LIONEL TRAINS AND EQUIPMENT WILL DO ANYTHING BIG TRAINS CAN DO. ELECTRIC REMOTE CONTROL PANEL WORKS LIKE MAGIC! ONLY LIONEL TRAINS LOOK AND OPERATE EXACTLY LIKE REAL TRAINS! TODAY LIONEL IS HELPING TO WIN THE WAR, BUT WHEN THE WAR IS OVER LIONEL WILL BE MAKING NEW MAGIC TRAINS FOR YOU! START PLANNING YOUR MODEL RAILROAD NOW - YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HAVE IT SOON AND, BOY, IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR!



JUST PRESS A BUTTON - AND **Look!**

### FREE!

#### Big Lionel Wonder Book of Railroading

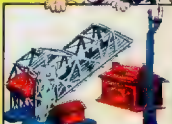
Pictures the steam and electric locos. Tells you how to make the most of the scale. Tells you how to recognize the locomotive types by their wheel arrangements. Gives you the official way whistle signal code. Page after page of exciting stories of pioneer railroaders. Send for your copy at once.



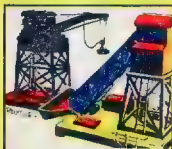
GET THIS GIANT BOOK TODAY! USE THIS COUPON!



UNLOAD BOXCARS COAL CARS FLAT CARS—ALL BY REMOTE CONTROL! PUSH A BUTTON TWO OR TEN FEET AWAY! IT'S LIKE MAGIC!



OPEN BRIDGE BY REMOTE CONTROL—TRAINS STOP AUTOMATICALLY! ALSO STATIONS AND SIGNALS THAT STOP AND START TRAINS!



ELEVATOR PICKS UP COAL AND LOADS CARS—MAGNETIC CRANE PICKS UP REVOLVES AND DEPOSITS—ALL BY REMOTE CONTROL!



SCALE MODEL LOCOMOTIVES HAVE BUILT-IN WHISTLES. YOU CAN GIVE REAL RAIL-ROADING SIGNALS—AND ALL BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE LIONEL CORPORATION  
Des Moines, IA  
15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

Please rush me a FREE copy of the new Wonder Book of Railroading.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

### FREE!



# TEN SECONDS

By Joseph Greene

HE was next. One moment the man was standing in front of him. The next moment he had vanished, swallowed by the dark empty space. The door of the transport plane was open and Jerry was facing the night sky.

Jerry gripped the emergency cord of the parachute. There was nothing below him. One more step and he would be out of the plane.

But there was fear in his heart. The sound of the airplane motors beat into his ears. He was scared and he knew that the other paratroopers were scared too. He had seen their faces as the plane sped over the channel towards the coast of France. But how scared were they? Were they as scared as he?

He couldn't tell that from their drawn, tense faces. He knew his own face was like theirs, but was the fear in their hearts as great as his own? He feared the first ten seconds most—the seconds between his turn to leap into space and the opening of the parachute.

"I mustn't think—I mustn't think about being scared," Jerry said to himself.

He had no one to blame for being in this spot. Paratroopers are all volunteers. He knew what he was in for when he joined up. "That's it," he thought, "I've got to think of why I joined up! That will help me pass those ten seconds."

Almost instantly, a scene flashed into his mind. He was back home sitting in a parlor with his friends listening to a concert. It was Sunday. His mother had just made hot chocolate for all of them. Outside the streets were covered with snow. But in the house it was warm. They were sprawled on the couch, on easy chairs, on the carpeted floor.

Suddenly the music stopped. The tense voice of the announcer came on. They weren't listening too carefully. They were a little annoyed because the concert had been interrupted. Then the words of the announcer made them sit up.

"We interrupt the program at this time to bring you a communique just released by the War Department."

"You'd think our country was at war, the way they came out with that announcement," someone said.

"... planes attacked Pearl Harbor this morning!" the announcer continued.

That was how the news broke—suddenly, in the midst of a pleasant get-together of his friends. He had not at first realized the importance of the war is that had come over the air. But when he heard a crash as his mother dropped the cup of hot chocolate she had held in her hand, he sat up. His older brother was stationed at Pearl Harbor! It hit him in the chest with all the force of a mule's kick. "My brother! Where is he at this moment? The attack had come in the morning—five hours ago!"

The next days passed slowly. There was no news from Pearl Harbor. No letters from his brother. And then, finally, the news came. There was a strange silence in the house when he walked in. He looked into the parlor. It was dark. And at first he thought no one was in there. Then he saw his mother. She was sitting in the chair near the window, quietly staring ahead. Somehow, he knew then that news of his brother's death had arrived.

He stepped into the room. His mother turned and looked at him, saying nothing. A telegram was lying in her lap. He didn't have to read it. He walked over to the table and put on the lamp. Then he glanced at his mother. He read the message in her eyes. Slowly, she nodded at him.

"He's dead," she whispered softly. "They never gave him a chance!"

But she wasn't crying. She picked up the telegram and folded it neatly. "You'll want to eat supper, won't you, Jerry?" she asked. "I'll go and prepare something."

A great lump filled his throat. He couldn't speak. She turned and walked out of the room, leaving him alone. He remained at the table, his hands gripping the edges.

"They dropped death on my brother," Jerry was thinking. "Dropped death from the sky!"

In that moment he had made up his mind. He was no longer the kid brother back home. His place was in the army. He wanted to see himself as death! And he wanted to drop from the sky on the enemy the way they had dropped death on his brother.

Swiftly these pictures flashed through his mind. "What came next?" Jerry tried to remember.

"The interview!" He remembered the hard clipped words of Capt. Massey in his final examination before he was accepted as a paratrooper.

"You're just a kid," Capt. Massey had said, beginning his personal examination. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen," Jerry replied. "What do you want to be a paratrooper for?" Capt. Massey snapped. "Adventure?"

"No, sir," Jerry replied. "Do you think it's romantic?"

"No, sir." "It's the toughest branch in the service," Capt. Massey remarked. "You've got to know what you're going in for."

"I realize that," Jerry said. "You know we're going into the toughest part of the fighting. We are going to be on our own most of the time."

"I know all that, sir," Jerry replied. "I thought it over carefully before I volunteered."

"A good many of us are not going to come back alive," Capt. Massey warned.

"Are you trying to discourage me, sir?" Jerry asked angrily, his eyes hardening a little. "I know all those things and I'm prepared for them. I thought it over for a long time before I volunteered."

"You'll do!" Capt. Massey said.

(Continued on inside back cover)





## CHAPTER 6

STARRING

*The GREEN ARROW*  
*and SPEEDY*

**F**OR SALE, CHEAP—ONE RING! BUT WHAT A RING! THE PAWN-BROKER DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SELLING, AND TIM DURFEE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S BUYING, WHEN THE LITTLE METAL CIRCLLET CHANGES HANDS — BUT THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY KNOW THAT IT'S UP TO THEM TO RETREVE...  
**"THE IRON BAND!"**

YEEHOOOW!

STROLLING ALONG A BUSINESS STREET, MACHINIST TIM DURFEE INDULGES IN A BIT OF WINDOW-SHOPPING...

WOW... EIGHT GRAND FOR A RING! I COULD WORK ON THE AFTERNOON SHIFT FOR YEARS, WITHOUT MAKING THAT MUCH!

THIS PLACE IS MORE MY SPEED! SOME OF THE BOYS AT THE FACTORY MAKE RINGS LIKE THIS AT THEIR LATHES... BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ANY TIME TO WASTE. I'LL SEE HOW MUCH IT IS!

A MOMENT LATER...

DIS IS THE PLACE, BOYS! NOW, NO ROUGH STUFF... DA BARRACUDA SAD TO JUST WALK N AND BUY THE RING!

GOSH, STRETCH, MAGINE JS BUYIN' ANYTHING! IT'S AGAINST ME PRINCIPLES!

GOSH, I LIKE THIS BETTER BY THE MINUTE!

HUH... LOOK! WE'RE TOO LATE! DIS GUY'S ALREADY BOLGHT THE RING!

OKAY, STRETCH, T'LL BE A CNCH TA TAKE T AWAY FROM HIM!

NOT OLT HERE, WITH THE COPS WATCHIN', YA SAP! WE'LL DO L KE THE BARRACUDA SAID... BUY T!

JUST A MINUTE, PAL. I'LL GIVE YA A HUNNERD SMACKERS FER YOUR RING!

A HUNDRED..? WHO YOU TRYING TO KID?

WE'LL MAKE IT TWO HUNNERD!

I HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE ON WISE GUYS! I'VE GOT TO PUNCH A TIME CLOCK... AND THERE'S MY TROLLEY!

WE'LL GIVE YA FIVE HUNNERD, YA SAP!

WE OFFERED HIM TOO MUCH DOUGH... HE THOUGHT WE WERE KIDDIN'!

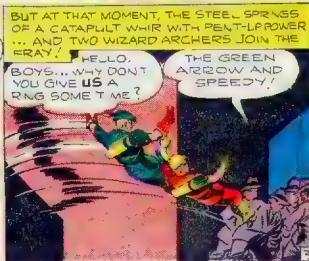
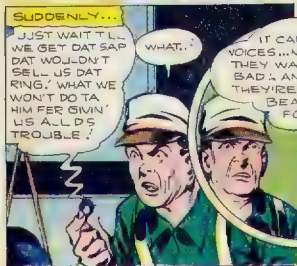
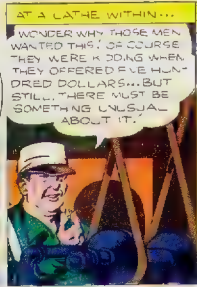
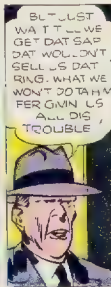
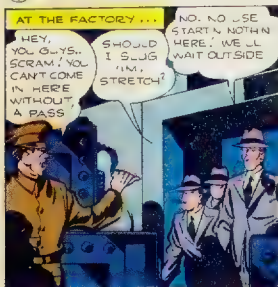
WE SHOULD'D DONE LIKE I SAID, BOSS... TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM!

OKAY, WE'LL DO THAT NOW! CALL A TAX BOYS.. WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT FACTORY HE GOES TO.

MEANWHILE, TWO NEWCOMERS JOIN THE SEARCH!

AN RON RING? SORRY, GREEN ARROW... I SOLD THE ONLY ONE I HAD A FEW HOURS AGO! BUT IF YOU WANT ONE BADLY ENOUGH, THE MAN WHO HAS T MIGHT RESELL T! HE SAD HE WORKED IN A RADIO FACTORY...

THERE'S ONLY ONE RADIO FACTORY NEAR HERE! COME ON, SPEEDY, WE'LL GET HIS DESCRIPTON, AND HURRY RIGHT OVER!





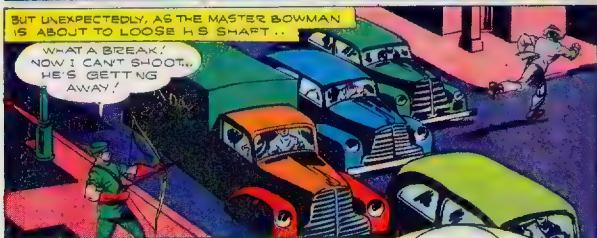
EVER STOP TO THINK WHY WE HAVE SO MUCH FUN FIGHTING SO MANY DIFFERENT CROOKS, G.A.?

CERTAINLY... BECAUSE THERE'S SUCH A BIG TURNOVER!



WITH THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY AROUND, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!

IT'S EXACTLY THE PLACE FOR YOU, RAT! AND AN ARROWLINE THROUGH YOUR CLOTHES WILL HOLD YOU!



BUT UNEXPECTEDLY, AS THE MASTER BOWMAN IS ABOUT TO LOOSE HIS SHaft...

WHAT A BREAK! NOW I CAN'T SHOOT... HE'S GETTING AWAY!



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE TEMPORARY FLOW OF TRAFFIC WAS CEASED...

TOO BAD HE ESCAPED, G.A... BUT WE DO HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW FOR OUR TROUBLE AFTER ALL!

I KNOW, SPEEDY, BUT THESE THUGS DON'T REALLY COUNT... IT'S THEIR LEADER WE WANT! HE'S PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS CONTACT WITH THE BARRACUDA!

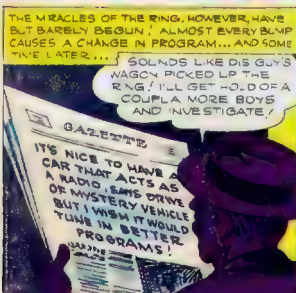
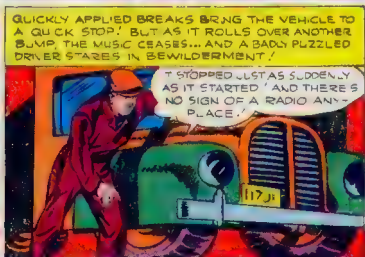
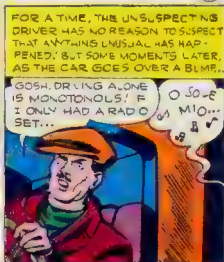
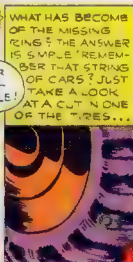
YOU SAID IT, HE TOLD US THE BARRACUDA WANTS THAT RING BAD... AN HE AINT GIMN' UP TRYN' TA GET IT!

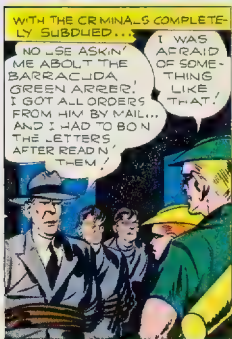
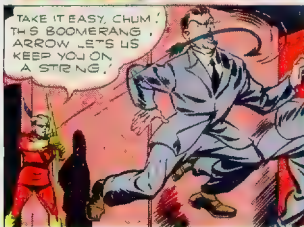
IT MUST BE BECAUSE THE RING CAN CARRY VOICES!

YEAH, IT'S A RADIO RING... STRETCH SAYS THERE WAS A BIG SHOT USED TA KEEP IN TOUCH WID HIS MOB THAT WAY!

WELL, WE'LL JUST TURN YOU BOYS OVER TO THE POLICE AND HAVE A LOOK FOR IT! COME ON, SPEEDY!







# FLYING MODELS OF FAMOUS FIGHTER PLANES

**ACTUALLY FLY** Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand.

**EASY TO BUILD.** Assembly kits include complete cut out sheets on special paper cover stock and step by step illustrated instructions.

**AUTHENTIC MODELS.** Realistic copies of actual war famed fighters.

**HOLLOW FUSELAGE.** Shaped to give recognition silhouettes of real Yak I-26 and Republic Thunderbolt P-47.

**OVER 9-INCH WING SPREAD** For real gliding power.

**RUGGED CONSTRUCTION.** Will fly hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to ships.

**REALISTIC DETAIL.** Including such features as motor cowling and ventilator, cockpit cover, propeller hub and cating retractable landing gear, ailerons, landing flaps, machine guns.

**FULL COLOR.** Thunderbolt in regulation metallic blue of U.S. Army Air Force. Yak in bright blue with red markings.

**OFFICIAL BATTLE INSIGNIA.** Thunderbolt carries the U.S. bar and star design. Yak displays red star marking of Soviet Air Force and special squadron, arrow insignia along fuselage.

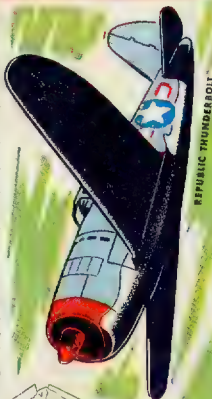
**G-LINE FLIGHT.** Rigged for continuous G-line flying your models will zoom, dive, climb and hedge hop—under your control.

## ONLY WITH WHEATIES

These are planes 9 and 16 in a series of 12 famous fighters developed exclusively for Wheaties. They can be obtained only through Wheaties. Start right now to get every one of these flying models. And start enjoying more of the famous nourishment and starchy flavor in a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." Have Wheaties every morning, some times for lunch or supper, often for snacks.

**BUILD AND FLY** these swell new planes in the exciting series of Jack Armstrong Tru. Fhte Flying Models. Fly and fight realistic copies of the ravaging Russian Yak I-26, crack Soviet pursuit ship, and the booming Republic Thunderbolt P-47, fast striking, death-dealing ace of the U.S. Army Air Force.

**GET TWO COMPLETE ASSEMBLY KITS** to build real flying fighters—exactly like those illustrated in this advertisement. Order yours with easy to mail coupon. Or just send your name and address with one Wheaties box top and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Box 8610, Chicago, Illinois. This is a limited offer—good only while supplies last, or until March 1, 1945. So send at once! Right now!



Two complete unassembled planes for only  
**ONE BOX TOP and FIVE CENTS**

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of **GENERAL MILLS, INC.**

## TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY

**JACK ARMSTRONG**  
Box 8610 Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying models U.S. Thunderbolt and Russ an Yak I-26  
I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## CHAPTER

7

# Mementos of Victory

ONCE MORE THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY HAVE ASSEMBLED THIS TIME WITH THE TROPHIES OF THEIR ADVENTURES... THERE'S ANOTHER QUESTION, PARTNERS WE'VE WON 'EM UP TOO... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THESE TROPHIES? SOME OF 'EM ARE THE CUP OF THE BORGAS, CORRAL THE CHIEF COYOTE... HAVE PRIVATE OWNERS... BUT WE CAN UNDOUBTEDLY GET PERMISSION TO USE THEM.



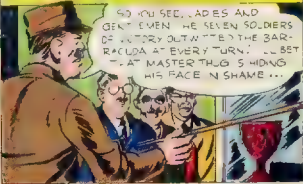
I SUGGEST WE EXHIBIT THEM IN A PUBLIC MUSEUM! LET ME EXPLAIN WHY.

GOSH, THAT'LL BOIN THE BAR-RACUDA UP HE WANTED THEM FOR HIS PRIVATE MUSEUM.

THAT IN ITSELF IS REASON ENOUGH.



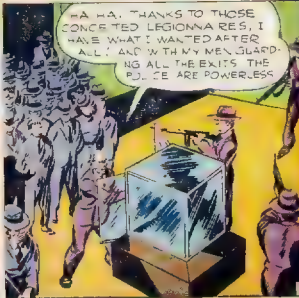
WHICH EXPLAINS READER WHY IT IS THAT SOME TIME LATER AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE LISTENS TO A SKETCHY AND SOMEWHAT INACCURATE VERSION OF THE STORY YOU HAVE JUST READ...



SO YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY OBTAINED THE BAR-RACUDA AT EVERY TURN. I'LL BET THAT MASTER THUG IS HIDING HIS FACE IN SHAME...

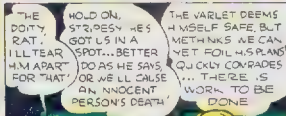
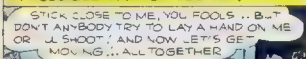
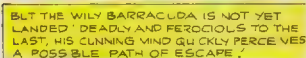
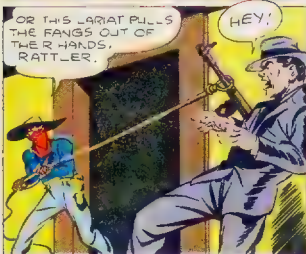
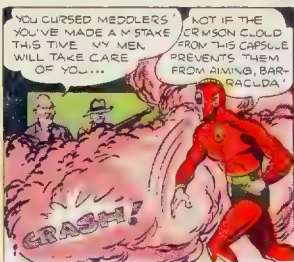
WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, FOOL! I'VE LISTENED TO YOUR STORY LONG ENOUGH... MY MEN HAVE HAD TIME BY NOW TO TAKE THEIR PLACES AND I AM GOING TO TAKE THOSE TROPHIES.



HA HA. THANKS TO THOSE CONCEITED LEGIONNAIRES, I HAVE WHAT I WANTED AFTER ALL! AND WITH MY MEN GUARDING ALL THE EXITS THE POLICE ARE POWERLESS.







WE LEAVE UNSEEN BY THIS SECRETEMENT

AND HE'S GON' OUT THROUGH THE FRONT BUT IF HE SEES US COMIN' AT HIM HE'LL SHOOT THAT WOMAN!

NO, STRPESY... I THINK I SEE WHAT THE KNIGHT HAS IN MIND!

THESE THUGS ARE PART OF THE GUARD HE POSTED OUTSIDE.. WE'VE GOT TO CLEAN THEM UP!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE KID!

DO I HAVE TO GIVE THE DROP-KICK SIGNAL, STRPESY?

IT AIN'T NECESSARY, KID... HERE THEY GO FOR A GOAL!

AND I, TOO, SCORE A SAFETY!

EEHHH..

A SWIFT BATTLE, QUICKLY ENDED! AND THEN...

NOW FLY WE THROUGH THE CLOUDS!

HOPE IT'S ANCE RIDE, AND YOU RATS DON'T SLIP OFF!

YES, THAT WOULD BE TOO BAD... YOU'D FALL SO FAST THAT THE KNIGHT WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH YOU AGAIN!

YIIII... DON'T DO THAT TO US! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT... ONLY DON'T TAKE ME UP TO THEM CLOUDS!

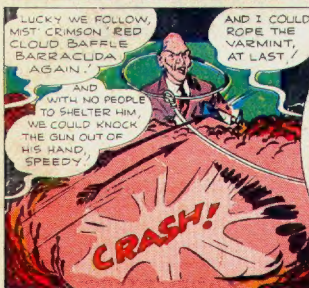
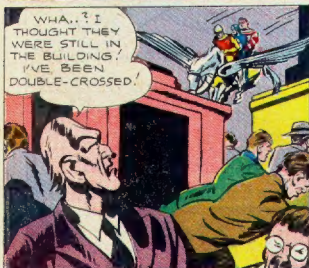
THAT WOULD BE CRUEL, KNIGHT! I WAS ALWAYS AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!

THEN YOU SHALL STAY HERE ON THE GROUND, ROGUES... BUT WISE TO YOU IF YOU DO NOT AS YOU ARE TOLD!

THIS, MOMENTS LATER...

HERE COMES THE BARRACUDA IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT CROWD, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT TOOK HIM SO LONG!

HE COULDN'T HELP HIMSELF STRPESY HE NEEDED THE CROWD TO SURROUND HIM... BUT A GROUP OF PEOPLE LIKE THAT CAN'T MOVE VERY FAST!



# AMAZING NEW GAME *Sensation* "LET'S GO TO COLLEGE"



**Panic a party**

You'll want one to make your home parties  
a riot of fun. Also an ideal holiday gift.  
Send your order today; only \$1 postpaid.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Electric Game Co., Inc.  
4 Canal Street  
Holyoke, Mass.

☐ Amt. Enc.

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ games "Let's Go To  
College"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

Once in a Blue Moon comes a game like this.  
Fascinating! Grows on everybody! Panics a  
party! By Christmas—the fad of the nation!  
Your friends have an unforgettable good time.  
Brings together excitement of rolling dice, the  
fun of rummy, interspersed with the rah-rah  
spirit of College Life.

Every throw of the dice attracts attention, and  
the result affects all players. Each player rolls the  
dice to pass his courses. Hilarious incidents of  
Sports, Fun, Re-exam and Flunk cards keep the  
game full of pep from start to finish! The player  
with the best hand at end of game is the winner!



curtly. "I suppose you've got a good reason for joining the paratroopers?"

Jerry looked up proudly. "I have, sir. My brother died at Pearl Harbor."

Capt. Massey nodded. "Okay. You're in."

The training came next. First there was the hardening up process. Jerry loved that. Every trick he learned, he knew was going to be used for a good purpose. He was making himself a bringer of death. Someday he would drop from the sky into enemy territory. He would need to know how to handle guns then, how to use his knife, his boots, his teeth, his fists. Anything and everything that came to hand, he would use as a weapon.

After the preparatory training, Jerry began to learn how to handle a parachute. It was a way of getting to the enemy. He learned it—and he learned it well.

The first time he went into the air he was scared. So were the others with him in the plane. But he wasn't paying attention to them. He was scared, and in that moment of fear, a new fear came to him—the fear that he would not make a paratrooper.

When the time came for him to make his first jump, he froze. He couldn't move. He stood in the doorway and stared at the ground far below him. The sergeant instructing them pointed frantically at the door. But Jerry was so scared he couldn't even shake his head. Finally the sergeant grabbed him and threw him out of the plane.

Jerry had never known such terror in his life. It was a fear that fairly shrieked. It was a fear that numbed his mind. And then the parachute opened. He barely remembered how he landed. His hands shook so badly he could not free himself from the parachute harness. He lay on the ground letting the chute drag him across the field until finally the air emptied out of the folds and the chute collapsed.

Then Jerry got up and freed himself from the harness. He left his parachute lying on the ground and staggered towards the barracks. But before he could reach

them, he was intercepted by Capt. Massey.

"Just a moment," Capt. Massey said.

Jerry stopped. He didn't have the strength to salute. He just stood there waiting for the blow to fall.

"Get your parachute," Capt. Massey said angrily. "What do you think you are? There's no deluxe service in our branch of the army!"

Jerry did not reply. He turned and plodded blindly in search of his parachute. He gathered it up in his arms and walked back with the other men, trying to lose himself in their midst.

They were laughing. They had gotten a kick out of their first jump. They were looking forward to jumping again. But Jerry dreaded the very thought of it.

That night Jerry cried in his bunk. He muffled his head in his pillow, so the others would not hear him. But he was not crying because he was afraid of the jump itself. He was afraid that he could not make good as a paratrooper. He would be unable to fulfill that silent pledge he took so long, long ago, in the parlor of his home when the news of his brother's death came.

The next day, Capt. Massey had called him in. "This is it," he was thinking as he entered the office.

"The sergeant gave me his report," Capt. Massey said when Jerry entered. "Do you feel you'll be up to another jump?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," Jerry answered him quietly. "I was so scared, I was paralyzed."

"I understand that," Capt. Massey replied. "What I'm interested in knowing is will you try again?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Well, I'm going to give you a chance. If you don't jump, you'll be released from the paratroopers. You understand, of course, that there is no disgrace attached to having failed to make good. You'll be back with the infantry and you'll get a chance with them to avenge your brother's death."

"I know that, sir. But there was more to my wanting to become a paratrooper. It wasn't just re-

venge. It was how that revenge was going to be taken! My brother died from a bomb that was dropped from the sky. I wanted to be like a bomb! A live bomb dropping on the enemy! That's why I wanted to be a paratrooper."

"You can still be one," Capt. Massey said. "Let's go. I'll send you up in a plane and you'll take the jump."

"Thank you, sir," Jerry replied. "I'll go up again and I'll jump!"

"Good for you," Capt. Massey said. "Let's go."

Jerry had taken the jump. He had passed the test. But the fear that had always clutched at his heart the second before he jumped never left him. He still had to battle with himself. And here it was, the real thing. This was not a practice jump. He was going to drop, like a bomb, into the territory of the enemy. Would he take the jump? Would he turn yellow?

These thoughts flashed through his mind. But there was as yet no fear. Somehow he was not afraid—not yet. This was what he had trained for. But would he be afraid of those terrible first ten seconds?

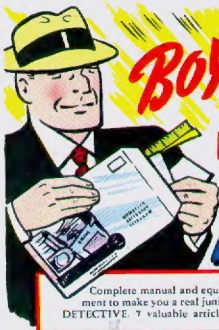
Suddenly there was a snap! His body jerked as something pulled at him. The air stopped whistling past his ears, the drone of the motor was gone. He was surrounded by the night. A deathly silence covered him. For an instant he wondered—how did he get to this place? And where was he?

And then he realized that he was floating in the air! *He had already jumped!* The parachute was open, billowing somewhere in the darkness above him.

Those ten terrible seconds had passed and he had not known it! His mind had been too deeply immersed in the reasons he had for joining the paratroopers.

Far below him was a darkness deeper than the night. That was the Cherbourg Peninsula. He grasped the lines of the parachute to control his descent. He was alone. But not far from him, he knew, were other men floating down from the sky—his buddies. No, he was not alone!

Then he smiled. He hadn't had time to be scared.



# BOYS! GIRLS!

## ACCEPT DICK TRACY'S

# DETECTIVE KIT



Complete manual and equipment to make you a real junior DETECTIVE. 7 valuable articles.

for only **15¢** WITH NAME 'TOOTSIE' from jar of **TOOTSIE V-M**

Now have all the thrills 'n' chills of playing Detective Spy, Saboteur games! Accept Dick Tracy's Detective Manual, Badge, Membership Certificate, Secret Code Dial, Suspect Wall Chart, File Cards, Tape Measure. Worth many dollars in hours of fun to you

Dick Tracy offers you his Detective Kit almost free so you'll try Tootsie V-M that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls. It's super-charged with vitamins and minerals to help you be rugged. Have Mom get Tootsie V-M 'Hurry!' Mail coupon now

**TUNE IN DICK TRACY-**  
See Radio Page for time and station

Super-charged with Vitamins and Minerals  
Makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls!



# HURRY!

**HURRY! SUPPLY LIMITED!  
MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

TOOTSIE ROLLS CO., Dept. F-5  
P. O. Box 16, New York 11, New York

Rush me Dick Tracy's Detective Kit. I enclose 15¢ in coin and the big name TOOTSIE from jar of Tootsie V-M.

Name

Address

City  State

EXPIRES OCTOBER 1, 1965 OFFER BEINGS SEPTEMBER, 1965

If your grocer cannot supply Tootsie V-M, send 20¢. We'll mail you Dick Tracy's De-

tective Kit and a full-pound jar of Tootsie V-M direct, all charges prepaid

AT YOUR GROCER'S  
NO CASH POINTS

